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DISCORDER

February 2006

THE GENTLE ART OF EDITING

There's more than one way to learn how to edit a magazine. Although Google's near-omniscience calls the need for actual human contact into question, talking to real people in the field is still a good place to start. In most cases, advice is far more valuable than the search results for "how to edit". But humans have egos and strong opinions which can interfere with the acquisition of editorial know-how (no passive aggression towards former editors intended). So, like any good bookworm, I see the printed word as a refuge from the pressures of personal interaction. While my friends always accuse me of being an asshole for incessantly correcting their spelling and punctuation, books like Lynn Truss' *Eats, Shoots & Leaves* make me feel good to be an uptight grammarian. With these sources combined, I should have been on my way to editorial stardom.

But something about these strategies just seemed too conventional, so I opted to hop a jet plane bound for the Dominican Republic instead. Sure, there's nothing instructional *per se* about lounging on a white sand beach with a cerveza in each hand, but the value is there somewhere.

As I was flying off to parts unknown, changes were afoot back on the home front. After much tending of robes and gnashing of teeth over the hiring of a new Art Director, Will Brown emerged victorious, eager to prove that there is art and life after Graeme Worthy. Armed with a moustache and a keen eye for aesthetic magnificence, Will promises to make our magazine consummately readable. To complete the renewal of newness, Caroline Walker decided that her responsibilities as a Production Manager, scientist-in-training, and general busybody were insufficient, and added the role of Ad Rep to the list. Ad sales and business rapport have blossomed under her delicate touch, and the future of *Discorder* as a thick, content-laden magazine is looking bright.

While I was cultivating my editorial skills in the tropics, my beloved magazine was in disarray, adjusting to a new set of faces after years of personnel continuity. In the hands of lesser beings, this issue could have disintegrated into a ten page jumble of incoherence. But thanks to the skill and determination of our staff and contributors, everything has fallen into place, and for that I am grateful. There was a brief scare when testotaller Caroline succumbed to the sauce during production, rendering herself nearly useless right when I needed her most, but she persevered and worked through her alcoholic stupor.

So what exactly did I learn about editing from my stay in the Caribbean? That no matter how soul-charging the sunlight or how catchy the non-stop reggaeton, a good magazine comes from self-sacrifice, diligence, and, well, being on the right continent.

David Ravensbergen

REGULARS

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the gauntlet in the RIAA copyright wars
by Alison Benjamin



Hair by Nicole Ondre

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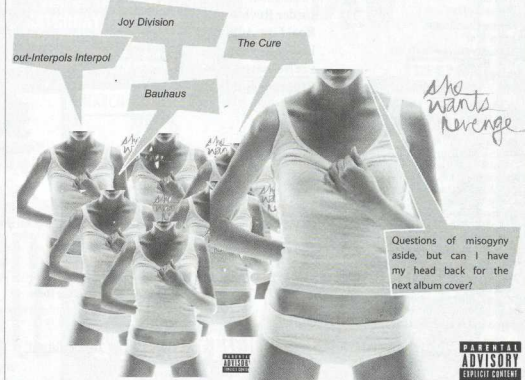
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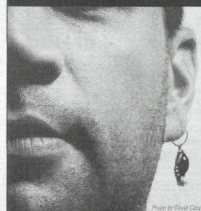
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STRUT, FRET AND FLICKER

Penelope Mulligan

6 *Miniature Tragedies*
Studio 58
Friday, February 10

Repetition is invaluable for training and development, but it can be deadly in performance. The six playlets by France's Jean-Paul Gual—*all contemporary riffs on Greek tragedy*—were wonderfully horrifying, but lost power by being performed back to back.

Wenzel, whose residency at Langara College's Studio 58 was facilitated by the PuSh International Performing Arts Festival, previously mounted the collection at a theatre school in France, and the plays provide an undeniably good opportunity for students to sink their teeth into nice, dark meat. Overflowing with classically noisier themes—children murdered to punish philandering spouses, lovers cooked and fed to unsuspecting husbands, wives killed for oversalting the food and so on—these were nasty little stories indeed, but the effect over two hours was numbing.

Some of the overkill can be blamed on delivery: I can't recall ever having been so aurally bludgeoned by live theatre. There was no time to build tolerance, as the evening began at full volume and more or less stayed there. Because nearly everything deemed dramatically significant was shouted, there was no room for the mercurial outbursts that would have made all the madness convincing.

Kerry Sandomirsky, one of the production's two professional actors, set the tone from the off as she excreted a murderous monologue at her terrified spirograph "Mado and Her Two Children". With Medea, on whom the character is based, one should have a deep sense of the woman's pain and of how she becomes unhinged, but as played by Sandomirsky, Mado was just loudly, repulsively bawling. A restless and demanding wife was similarly ear-splitting in "A Flower on the Freeway", while the closing segment, "Maya's Command", was marred by a central performance so shouty that the actress seemed to be in a different play. It's possible that Wenzel, who also directed, wanted things this way, but as with most of the show's problems, one got the feeling that it was something he simply neglected to fix. Too bad, because the latter piece was a frightening study in adolescent dysfunction, and contained a touching supporting turn from Tom McBeath, the other pro actor. Later on, in "Salt in the Soup", McBeath was a lesson in quiet intensity. Without raising his voice, he directed a furious, agonized monologue to his wife's fresh corpse. (*It can be done, kids!*)

There were some student successes as well: Both John Doucet and

Kyle Jespersen, who shared the role of a troubled small town youth in "The Butcher", were fully believable without pushing, and Emmelia Gordon nailed the droll and dangerous tone of the evening's blackest tale, "Love in a Tin Can". Even in translation, the writing was razor sharp, and Gordon was right at home with lines like "I didn't bear you children so I'd rather watch you eat".

All told though, despite some tasty material, the overall feeling was of having watched an exercise.

THE PLEGGOLE

If you're reading this before March 5th and have yet to see *Searching for the Wrong-Eyed Jesus*, then hurry to the Pacific Cinematheque to catch Andrew Douglas's intoxicating, music-fuelled tour of the American South—with all-country sinner-man Jim White as your shepherd, no less. It shares a double bill with *Be Here To Love Me: A Film About Townes Van Zandt*.

The Cinematheque continues to make generous with music films throughout March and April, and in a highly appropriate tie-in with ColFest, brings us *If I Should Fall From Grace: The Shane MacGowan Story*. This warm and unadorned study of the ex-Pogues frontman meshes brilliant footage from various stages of his career with ample musings from the people in his life, including family, colleagues and long-time partner, Victoria Clarke. Some of the most interesting and incisive observations come from former bandmate Philip Chevron, who states that the Pogues could never have happened in MacGowan's native Ireland, but only in the diaspora. That the diaspora in question was London made it all even more unlikely: the film sheds light on the musical and political landscape into which the band crashed in the early 1980s (England was awash in synth-pop while London was having the poop bombed out of it by the IRA). Nick Cave shows up looking shockingly healthy and well groomed, but his earnest chat about the advantages of being off the junk pales beside the brief clip of him and MacGowan back in the day singing "It's a Wonderful World".

It's MacGowan himself who gives the film a kind of shambling tension. Glassy-eyed and slobbering drunk for the most part, he still comes off with remarkable dignity and lucidity; and it's to



If I Should Fall From Grace: The Shane MacGowan Story

director Sarah Share's credit that she allows him to set the pace in these extended segments. We simply stumble after him.

And, oh god, the music—17 songs in all. Watching the band hammer through "Dirty Old Town" (back when Shane still had front teeth), or swooning through the fully orchestrated "Rainy Night in Soho" is reason enough to park yourself in front of this one.

Searching for the Wrong-Eyed Jesus screens from March 1-5 with *Be Here to Love Me: A Film About Townes Van Zandt*. *If I Should Fall From Grace: The Shane MacGowan Story* plays March 16 @ 9pm and March 18 @ 3:45pm. For more details go to www.cinematheque.bc.ca or phone 604-688-8202.



RUFF RAFF

Bryce Dunn



Lyne Regis



The Gris Gris



Nikki Sudden



The Ponys

Hi, this is your record player speaking: how are you? Been a while since we got together, huh? iPod is god and downloads are coming in by the buttloads—what's the deal? How soon we forget. Let me try to tempt you with some seven inches...please? What are those, you ask? Well, first it starts as a sticky black bar, like when you see road workers repaving...oh never mind, let's cut to the chase. Take Lyne Regis for example. Now I know how long you grieved when The FM Knives cut short their brief but illustrious career, but it's time to get out of that funk, punk, and listen to some power-pop from this Sacramento supergroup. When it comes to Buzzcocksian hooks there are few bands that do it better, especially on the track "Suffer Suffer", even if it is the Knives in disguise. See, even they haven't quite let it go, and that's ok with me: as they say, "It All Starts With The Band". And hugs, not drugs. (Smart Guy Records, 32 3288 21st Street, San Francisco, CA USA 94110 or www.smartguyrecords.com).

But if its drugs you need, friend, then look no further than The Gris Gris, and a new four song single that'll put the voodoo on what

you do. Leader Greg Ashley packs his bags for a head-trip that gets good mileage from the *Small Faces* and *Beach Boys* (on "Corporation Station Agent") to *The Seeds* ("Pick Up Your Raygun") and his own psychedelic pit stops ("Bakery" and "Won't Be Long"). Tune in, turn on and drop out, man. (Birdman Recording Group, Inc. P.O. Box 50777 Los Angeles CA USA or www.birdmanrecords.com).

Once the haze lifts, a little knock to the noggin is in order, don't you think? Let Nikki Sudden set you straight. Former Swell Maps co-founder and current troubadour around town, he delivers two numbers on a new seven inch that cater to his glam side. Sudden channels T-Rex on "Hanoi Jane", a handclap-heavy big guitar smash, and "Pretty Little Pretty" an organ-fuelled, rocky blues in D (just a guess) *Rolling Stones* rip-off. Sources tell me that this is not the last we will be hearing from Mr. Sudden, as he plans to slowly but steadily take over the world, so watch out for that, kids. (Munster Records, www.munster-records.com).

Lastly, *The Ponys* pump up a decidedly pop-tastic slab of post-

punk with their most recent outing, "Another Wound" makes a return engagement, having already starred on the Chicago crew's 2005 magnum opus *Celebration Castle*. But it's the b-side that will garner critical aplomb for their slightly skewed version of *The Descendents* "Good Good Things", arguably making a great song even greater. (Sweet Nothing Records, www.sweetnothingrecords.co.uk).

So you see chum, you can't be glum knowing there's all this great music for you to be spinning on my shiny metal surface. So grease up that tone-arm, drop the needle and hear me snap, crackle and pop my way back into your heart—you'll thank me later I know.



THE GOAT IS IMPOSSIBLE:

JOHN CASSAVETES' LOVE STREAMS

by Allan MacInnis

John Cassavetes has been called "the father of American independent cinema" awards for excellence in independent filmmaking have been named for him; his praises have been sung by Fugazi ("Crush my calm you Cassavetes..."), and his status pondered by *Le Tigre*—though I disagree with their inclusion of "misogynist" on their list of "takes" on the filmmaker ("alcoholic," "genius," and "messiah" all are far easier to argue). Filmmakers and actors as diverse as Jim Jarmusch, Gary Oldman, John Sayles, Sean Penn, and Steve Buscemi have praised him. Martin Scorsese called him his "mentor," and *Who's that Knocking on my Door*, Scorsese's remarkable first feature, strongly bears the mark of his influence. Cassavetes has even made his way onto an American postage stamp, and author Jonathan Lethem has called him "film's Bob Dylan."

Given all this, it is surprising how few people have seen any of his eight major films. *Love Streams*, which screens March 6, 7, 8, and 12 at the Vancouver International Film Centre—the Vancity Theatre for short—is currently only available in France on DVD. Acknowledged by many to be his final masterpiece, it has not screened in Vancouver since a Pacific Cinematheque retrospective of Cassavetes' work shortly after the actor-director's death of cirrhosis of the liver in 1989.

Cassavetes knew he was dying when he began to direct *Love Streams*. Adapted from a play by Canadian Ted Allan, the ailing director was forced to take over the lead role of the film when Jon Voight, who had starred in Cassavetes' stage version of *Love Streams*, bailed out of the production for personal reasons (Cassavetes could be notoriously difficult to work with, bullying, manipulating, and pleading with his actors to reach as deeply into themselves as possible, to offer authentic emotion; so sincere are the performances in his films that they are often taken to be improvised). Cassavetes plays Robert Harmon, an alcoholic author of romance novels, hiding from emotional involvement in a house full of call girls: Gena Rowlands—Cassavetes' wife in real life and star of several of his films—plays Sarah Lawton, recently driven to despair by a painful divorce, and as intensely emotional as Robert is withdrawn. Her arrival at Robert's home—Cassavetes' own, used as a set, as it is in *Races*—sets in motion the beginnings of change for both of them. *Love Streams* combines typical Cassavetean moments, where characters are stripped of their defences and left in emotionally raw states, with a screwball goofiness and exuberance. Though its characters are quite confused, the tone of the film is ultimately hopeful. Cassavetes said of it, "If I die, this is a sweet last film."

Tom Charity, the author of *John Cassavetes: Lifeworks* and the former film editor of *Time Out* magazine, is excited about the event. "I'm delighted there's a new print [of *Love Streams*]. I haven't had a chance to see it yet, but I think it's a film that, partly because of who produced it, didn't get its due when it was released. It's only really since Cassavetes' death that people have given the film the respect that it deserves, and for a lot of that period it hasn't been widely available to see." As a measure of that,

GENA ROWLANDS JOHN CASSAVETES



LOVE STREAMS
THE CANNON GROUP, INC. PRESENTS GENA ROWLANDS & JOHN CASSAVETES IN A GOLAN-GLOBUS PRODUCTION OF A JOHN CASSAVETES FILM... LOVE STREAMS ALSO STARRING DIANNE ABBOTT / SEYMOUR CASSEL / DIR. OF "PHOTOGRAPHY EXEC. PRODUCER AL RUBIN / MUSIC-BO HARWOOD / BASED ON THE PLAY BY TED ALLAN / SCREENPLAY BY TED ALLAN & JOHN CASSAVETES / PRODUCED BY MENAHEM GOLAN AND YORAM GLOBUS / DIRECTED BY JOHN CASSAVETES © MCMLXXXIV CANNON FILMS, INC. FROM CANNON RELEASING, A DIVISION OF THE CANNON GROUP, INC.

note that neither Charity nor Mark Peranson, the programming coordinator of the Vancity Theatre, have seen the film on the big screen. The new print was struck by Sony, who currently owns the rights to the film, for a Gena Rowlands retrospective at the Brooklyn Academy of Music last November. To Peranson's knowledge, this is the first time the film has played since then.

As a measure of how obsessive Cassavetes' devotees can be, scholar Ray Carney, the author/editor of the definitive *Cassavetes on Cassavetes*, has asked me to bring a timer to the screening of *Love Streams* and time the film "to the second" to see how complete the new 35mm print is. He has

stated that the previous VHS release—supervised by low budget action film producers Golan and Globus—was incomplete, with material missing from the dream sequences; as that was the only version anyone has had any access to for years, this is difficult to confirm or deny.

Ray Carney's difficulties with the Cassavetes estate are detailed at length on his website. Personal conflicts and disagreements about what material should be included led to him being unceremoniously booted from the Criterion box set, *John Cassavetes: Five Films*; his commentaries were discarded and his work unacknowledged. For years, Carney was Cassavetes' most vocal advocate and the only writer

in the English language, prior to Charity, to have published a book on him. Though he appears to be somewhat of a difficult man, it's a shame that his work has been so underappreciated.

Carney's difficulties aside, Charity and Peranson agree that the Criterion box set is a "good sign" that the period of Cassavetes' commercial and critical neglect in North America is ending.

I asked Charity how the experience of writing *John Cassavetes: Lifeworks* affected him.

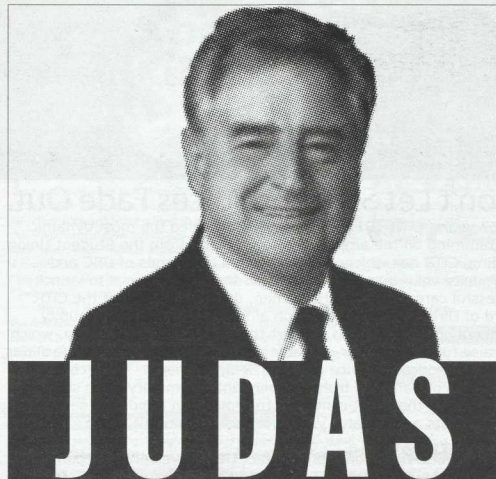
"You know, you write a book about somebody and you get totally obsessed and it takes over your life—especially with somebody like Cassavetes, who's a very inspiring figure. And I think it becomes an unhealthy kind of fixation. You can't talk or think about anything else that interferes with doing the book. It took me a couple of years from start to finish, working on it, and then you have to cut yourself off from that to get some semblance of reality back into your life; it's a weird kind of transition you go through. There was certainly a period there where I didn't want to read anything more about him; I didn't want to see the films anymore. I just needed to go cold turkey. Now it's been a few years and I'm back to a more level kind of appreciation...Last year I went and did some DVD commentaries for the UK release of the *Five Cassavetes* box set, and I was able to interview Seymour Cassel and others. I'm in a position now where me and John are back on speaking terms, let's put it that way."

Charity's favourite Cassavetes film is *A Woman Under the Influence*. "It's the film that really churned me up emotionally... I first saw it when I was in my late teens on television. I knew nothing about this guy or what I was about to experience. It had a huge impact on me, and that impact has not diminished. I've watched the film I don't-know-how-many times, very closely, and if I watched it today it would still have that impact on me, I'm sure." (As a point of note, as a fellow Cassavetes obsessive, *Love Streams* is my favourite Cassavetes film—which makes it quite special to me that the March 7th screening of the film, with Charity in attendance, will be on my birthday).

Born in Britain, Charity and his wife "fell in love" with Vancouver and relocated there after he was invited as a juror for the 1999 VIFF. Charity feels that the Vancity has contributed greatly to the local cinema scene, noting only that "it's a shame the media hasn't been more supportive" of the venue.

Aside from the recent sold-out Walter Murch screening, attendance at Vancity Theatre events has been sporadic at best, despite very good word of mouth, an exciting line-up of films, and the most comfortable seats of any theatre that this film buff has sat in. Here's hoping that *Love Streams* marks a turning point for the theatre.





JUDAS

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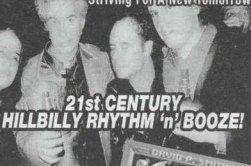
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MIXTAPE/ THE BUTTLESS CHAPS by Mike LaPointe



I'm sick as a brick, and the Buttless Chaps are doing their darndest to save themselves from the infection. And they've got good reason to be scared: other than the general crumminess of coughing out off-yellow stuff and being subject to sudden menopausal hot-flashes, the Chaps have a show in two days to celebrate their first release in three years, *Where Night Holds Light*, and then they're heading out on a month-long tour across the great Canadian springtime landscape. "We were all sick for our last tour," frontman David Gowans says. "Two weeks in a van. It was disgusting."

We're at dinner to discuss a Buttless Chaps mixtape, and over the next hour, as they eat food that looks horribly unappealing to my diseased bowels, I quiz them on their eighteen eclectic choices, and discover that, at heart, they're all a bunch of softies, enamoured with the experimentalism and beauty that informs their music.

SIDE: David

GARY NUMAN - "I DIE YOU DIE"

I have a real fascination with overblown stage set-ups. Numan's vision was to put his show before budget, and he consistently lost money on tour, but he did what he wanted to do, and still does.

NEIL YOUNG - "CANYON RAIN"

Search for this one, you can still find copies of it in Nanton, Alberta.

NATIONAL YOUTH - "CITY OF NIGHT"

Pioneers of the Cold War synth-sound. With all the stuff everyone's into now, people should hear this one.

THE DECEMBERISTS - "THE SPORTING LIFE"

This song reflects the next generation of the Smiths. Great wordplay, great imagery. Brings back my fears of P.E. class. Perfect for anyone who's not a jock.

BETACHE MODE - "SHAKE THE DISEASE"

Everyone was a teenager once. These themes were so heavy when I was fourteen years old.

GRANT LEE BUFFALO - "LADY GODWIN AND ME"

Combines mythology, traditional country, extreme distortion, chaos, noise, something that our band has always enjoyed.

SIDE: Lasse

TRANS AM - "I WANT IT ALL"

The Story of My Life.

THINKING FELLERS UNION - "LOCAL 252 - 'HURRICANE'"

Saw them at the Starfish Room. This is the first of three songs in my life that made me cry.

TURTLE - "DJED"

This is very good when high. Pterodactyls and Giant Gaseous Balloon Creatures.

AMON TOBIN - "SUPERNATURAL"

Perfect for dancing in your living room.

FRANK BLACK - "ANY SONG FROM FRANK BLACK"

Discovered this last year, and it carried me through yet another year of treplanting.

GREAT AUNT DA - "AGING"

Great morning music. Beautiful and relaxing.

SIDE: Torben

SCANT - "GOOD MORNING CAPIN"

Insanely emotional. Insanely dynamic. I listened to it when I missed somebody, and he sings, "I miss you!"...so yeah...

RUSH - "LA VILLA STRANTIA '60"

This was my first introduction to prog...and I'm the drummer...

CHARLEY PRIDE - "ROLL ON MISSISSIPPI"

The first musician I could name, and it still makes me cry. I met him when I was ten. It was my birthday present. I cried.

TORToise - "GAMMERA"

A Japanese B-side. Fucking unbelievable. A perfect song. Right around when they stopped rocking so hard. Or, I'm not sure if they ever really rocked, but whatever it was...

JANE SIBERRY - "THE WHITE TENT THE RAFT"

Another eight-minute song. It's just absolutely beautiful.

VELLO - "DOMINGO"

I still think that they're the best electronic band. The sounds... no one was doing that...and the guy's an amazing drummer.

You can catch the Chaps on March 25th at the Railway Club, when they make their triumphant, healthy return to Vancouver.



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Festival Guide for St. Paddy's Week

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Date	Time	Venue	Description
Wednesday March 15 Celtic Fest Kick Off	6-9pm	Cellar	Brewmaster's dinner 3 course meal w/Granville Island beer pairing & special guest Brewmaster Vern Lambourne tickets \$30.00 followed by house band GEN X
	7-9:30pm	Roxy	One of Vancouver's hottest Celtic crews --- Whisky Dicks
	8pm-1am	Doolin's	Celtic Fest kick off Siennaine Irish Dancers followed by Brian Flanagan
Thursday March 16 St. Paddy's Eve	9pm-1am	Doolin's	St. Paddy's Eve Party w/ our house band the Halifax Wharf Rats
	9pm-2am	Cellar	Featuring RADIO ONE, It'll kick the Brit out of you!
Friday March 17 St. Paddy's Day	11am-3am	Doolin's	Special guests include Ballyoak, Greg Kelly, Brian Flanagan, Mutiny Gone Overboard
	1pm-3am	Cellar	Open for lunch. Live entertainment from 3pm special guests include Coppensky, Greg Kelly
	5-8pm	Roxy	Featuring Bob White, the Rock God, playing anything & everything
Saturday March 18 Celtic Fest Market	11am-3am	Doolin's	Open for brunch. SUPER SATURDAY Six Nations Rugby: Ireland, Italy, Scotland, Wales, England, and France
Sunday March 19 Parade Day	11am-1am	Doolin's	Open for Dublin Brekkie
	1-5pm	Roxy	Three Row Barley Thundering vocals, sizzling fiddle & enough presence to pull you right up onto the table-top
	1-3pm	Cellar	RMM Pipe Band
	3:30-5:30pm	Cellar	Award Winner Troy MacGillivray -- direct from Nova Scotia
	6-9pm	Cellar	RMM Pipe Band Concert Fundrasier
	9pm-2am	Cellar	The Halifax Wharf Rats

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HOW TO ROCK PART II: THE BASS by Jeffrey Helm

Photo by Jennifer Chrunka

The bass is cool. It doesn't get in your face, it doesn't preach, it doesn't fight for your attention. The bass just slides up and wraps its sound around your backbone, and before you even realize it you're hooked.

The bass player is an integral part of rock, and three of Vancouver's finest practitioners of the low gave me some insight into the craft: Barry Higginson from The Doers, Johnny Uljevic of The Notes from Underground, and Rebecca Stewart from Vancouver.

The Players

All three came to the bass from different directions, but there was never any doubt that bass was their destiny. Like many others, Barry came to the bass by way of the guitar. When his band's bass man didn't show up one day, Barry got his chance.

"There is something about the bass, I didn't choose it as a default," Barry said between sips from his beer. "I view my brief period as a guitar player as a happy accident to point me in the direction of bass...bass was the destination"

Johnny initially thought that drums were his thing back in high school. He saved up his cash from a gas station job to get a kit. But the drums were never meant to be; something always seemed to sidetrack him before he made a purchase. "One day I woke up and said, I'm going to buy a bass," Johnny recalled. "It just needed to happen."

Becca dug a little deeper when he reflected on her reasons for choosing bass. At first she wasn't so sure. But later, in the clutter of a pub, a realization dawned on her.

"Oh my God," she gasped, "I think I became a bass player because I'm a middle child with abandonment issues, and a bass player will never be abandoned." Then she turned to me with a resolute gaze, "Someone always wants a bass player."

Good bass players are indeed precious resources to be coveted and fought over. But it takes a certain type of person to really do bass. Johnny said that bass players are "people who don't mind minding the shop." Then he talked about cleaning up the shop, and keeping thieves away, and then...

"Like that post in a big tall building. It's hidden, you can't see the post, all you see is the nice decorations outside, nice looking girls going in and out, it's great!" said Johnny, his eyes wide.

"No one ever sees the post, but being the post is nice. First of all, no one bothers you. You just want to play, relax and take it easy. You don't want people to bother you, and it's nice." Becca and Barry echoed Johnny's perceptions of the bass player mentality...more or less.

Pluck versus Pick

"Nothing's wrong with picking, but if you're a good friend of mine and I've watched you dig..."

Barry told me of a fellow comrade in arms (who just happened to be Johnny), that used a pick maybe a little too much for a show. "I like to rub Johnny and I like to wag my finger and tell him to put the pick away," said Barry with a large, slightly tooth-declined grin. "Every once in a while a bass guitar needs to be played like a guitar, so there's nothing wrong with a pick. But if you really care about the bass and you really care about the sound, I think you'll eventually start plucking with your fingers."

Johnny filled me in later. "He came up to me after a show, and he's like, 'hey how's it going?' Johnny then pulled himself up in his chair, raised an inquiring eyebrow, and in his best Barry voice said, 'used a pick eh?' and promptly burst out laughing.

"Class though, total class. A bit of concert, a

bit of interest, wanted some answers, but without demanding them," said Johnny, still chuckling. "I just told him, I love the fingers, but once in a while a pick can be a lot of fun."

Becca doesn't do the pick thing at all, but it's not because she doesn't like the sound; in her case it's more about the feeling. "I think there is something tactile about it. I've tried playing with a pick and I always end up dropping it. It's like a barrier. It's like a condom...there's something about the feeling of it on my fingers," said Becca, once again pondering the inner workings of her bass motivations.

"Sometimes I wish I could do the pick thing for fast Dee Dee Ramone stuff...but it's not comfortable for me."

Gear

"Whatever looks nice and sounds nice to you, that's what you should have," said Johnny, Barry and Becca pretty much agreed. A bass player's gear is a very individual thing, and largely depends on what kind of sound is desired. It takes a lot of time and experimentation to get to what's right for each player.

Barry's main advice was to "borrow people's gear as much as you possibly can, and then you'll start learning what can do what."

Becca got a little more particular. "Tube amp. An amp with tubes in it is key for a big warm sound. And I think it's better to have a half stack rather than a combo amp, because with a combo amp, when one thing breaks the whole thing is broken."

Beginner Mistakes

Barry once again got philosophical when I asked him about common mistakes that bass players make when they're just starting out. "Maybe I'm just an optimist, but I don't tend to see flaws in their playing as mistakes so much as maybe they haven't learnt how to play it better yet," said Barry after a long, ruminating pause.

"Most of the time they play it like a guitar. But that's how I started doing it too, so there's nothing wrong with that."

Barry also cautioned against getting too focused on gear. He explained that often beginners "get ahead of themselves by acquiring or desiring better gear when they have a hard time arpeggiating a chord or keeping time." No amount of gear, no matter how cool, is going to help you if you can't play the instrument.

In Becca's mind, the biggest mistake beginning players make is "trying to learn everything all by themselves and not jamming." She told me that learning how to play bass and make music depends on playing with other people. You have to get over sounding like crap at the beginning and just do it.

"It's like sex. If you play by yourself too much, you won't be able to play well with others."

Playing well with others is fundamentally what the bass player needs to be able to do in a rock band. Bass players are the hidden posts that make the foundation of rock. So if you think you've got what it takes, go get yourself a bass that sounds good, feels good and looks good and do it!

But remember, it's more than a guitar—it's a bass guitar. Barry gave me a good quote from Luke Ragsdale of Mystery Machine that sums it up: "Duh, one note at a time."



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The Doers

Mike Watt;
Charles Mingus

"Not being too full...it's worse than being sleep deprived and too drunk...and having a shot of Jagermeister"



Johnny Uljevic

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IN CONVERSATION WITH BELLE & SEBASTIAN'S MICK COOKE by Duncan M. McHugh

I've been a fan of the Glasgow-based seven-piece Belle & Sebastian for several years now, and despite not enjoying their recent albums as much as their first three albums (the amazing *Tigermilk*, *If You're Feeling Sinister* and *The Boy with the Arab Strap*), I've still followed them closely. To be perfectly honest, however, when I heard I'd be interviewing the trumpet player (instead of reclusive lead singer Stuart Murdoch or wild man drummer Richard Colburn), I felt like I'd been stuck with Face at an A-Team press junket—not that cool. In the end, Mick Cooke proved to be an affable and worthwhile interviewee.

The following is a transcript of a cross-Atlantic phone conversation that took place on the morning of February 23rd, the eve of Belle & Sebastian's North American tour in support of their new Matador album, the surprisingly danceable *The Life Pursuit*. You'll notice that my attempt to create a new nickname for Mick fails quite miserably.

Discorder: *How are you doing?*

Mick: I'm good thanks, yeah.



Great. *Are you in Scotland right now?*

I'm in Glasgow. We're leaving for Canada tomorrow. We're playing Toronto on Sunday night.

I wanted to start off by asking about the new album. It seems like quite a departure for you. What was it like recording with Tony Hoffer [Producer for Beck, Stars and Altr, amongst others]?

It was good, it was a departure from the fifth album. He was great, actually, very focused, had us working very hard and he was very good at messing up the sounds of what we recorded. He spent a lot of time getting the sound of the drums just right. Basically, whenever we heard what we'd just played coming back through the speakers, it almost sounded like a record. He had his shit together.

And it was recorded live mostly?

Yeah, mostly live. There's not too many overdubs on that record. It's really the sound of the band playing in a room.

What were your reasons for returning to Matador from Rough Trade for this album?

Rough Trade, at least in America, were kind of winding their operations down. So it was time to jump ship. When we signed to Rough Trade, part of the deal was that we would sign for America as well.

Did they found the Rough Trade America label when they signed you?

It basically just formed. When we signed with them they were just

starting out. But I don't think it worked out too well for them. So we went back to Matador. I'm glad they took us back.

Given the new sound you're using on this album, what do you foresee for the tour? Are you changing things up at all?

Well, it's the first time we've toured without strings for awhile, with the exception of Sarah, who plays violin. Of course we're taking a cello player as well, but we don't have the number of violins we normally take on tour. The new album really is [the sound of] the seven of us playing. We figured it would be a good time for us to cut back a bit.

It seems like you're a bit of a vanguard, in terms of trumpet players with rock bands, that it's a lot more common now.

Well, I think that I was stealing off the guy from The Tindersticks really. I sort of based the playing on a Tindersticks record. Also, Love uses the trumpet really well [See: "Alone Again Or"]. It's a bit more commonplace now I guess.

Are you guys looking forward to touring with The New Pornographers?

Well, I don't know terribly much about them to be honest. Our manager listed that up.

They're from Vancouver, which is where I'm calling from, and they're playing every one of your shows except Vancouver [Note: subsequent research has revealed that The New Pornographers will be playing Arts County Fair on April 7th, so they're probably avoiding any Vancouver shows until after that.]

That seems a bit perverse.

As a trumpeter, what are some of your favourite songs to play with Belle & Sebastian?

Well, "Dog On Wheels", is always fun to play. We play that one all the time. It feels like a great privilege to play that: it's one of Stuart's best songs. It's actually the first thing I played with Stuart. He wrote the trumpet part and told me what to play. It's been a happy musical relationship, I suppose.

Is there a particular song on the new album that you like playing?

Well, I think "Sukie in the Graveyard" is very much my favourite song. It's a blast to play live as well.

That whole mid-section of the album was astounding to me, from "White Collar Boy" to "We Are the Sleepyheads." It was so danceable.

I'm glad, 'cos it's what we were gunning for with this record: make something that would be good to dance to, or, at least keep the toes

tapping, when you get to our age.

You're originally from Dundee and your name is Mick. I know that your online bio says that your nickname is Nicholas Mickleby, but have you ever considered coming up with a nickname that riffs on Mick "Crocodile" Dundee? Have you ever been called anything like that?

I haven't actually, no. But he was called Mick Dundee wasn't he, yeah? I can't believe that "Crocodile" would work.

Do you guys have any plans for after this tour?

We'll be recording a bit in April, for the next single—b-sides, that kind of thing. Then we'll be touring Europe in May, and Japan and Australia in June, and then it's into festival season. We're going to play some of the British and European festivals.

Is that going to be a non-album single that you record in April?

It'll probably be another one off the album. We'll see.

I've heard you're a ska aficionado.

I play with a ska band called The Amphetamineanies, a nine-piece, Glasgow-based ska band.

Given your hectic schedule, do you get much time with them?

I was trying to fit in some recording last night with them; we're trying to finish off an album. It's kind of hard with me being away so much. They're working around my schedule. We're all very busy in that band; it's kind of a hobby for everyone. We've got a launch party for a new record in April, so we're feverishly trying to get it finished, which I'll probably involve me doing vocal editing on the road: I've got all the files with me on a laptop. That'll be my R & R.

What's the scene like in Glasgow right now?

There's a band called The Flying Matchstick Men who I think are really great. There's also a new band called The 1990s who I think are going to be a big deal.

Belle & Sebastian play the Commodore Ballroom on Friday, March 24th. Unfortunately (for me at least), it is sold out.



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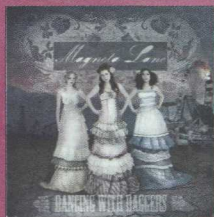
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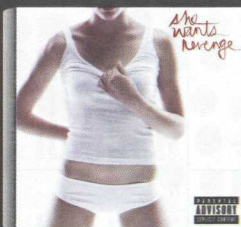
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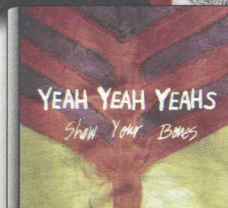
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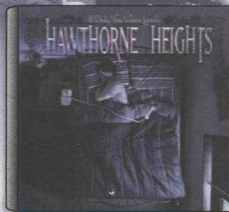
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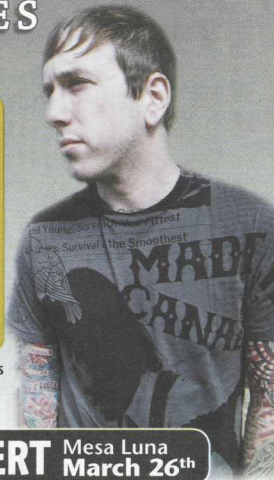
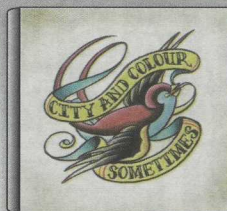
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IT'S A BLOG-EAT-BLOG WORLD

by Michelle Chua with special guest Colin Brumelle

In 2004, "blog" topped Merriam-Webster's list as Word of the Year. Now that it's 2006, what's changed? Why are we still talking about them? More specifically, why are we talking about them in a music publication?

Last year, Vancouver hosted the first annual Northern Voice, a conference dedicated to blogging practices, community, and culture. A handful of Vancouver bloggers (mainly from a small web company called Bryght, as well as a select group from our very own UBC) realized that a need exists for events that, in the words of Brian Lamb, Northern Voice organizer, are more accessible to the "wider blogging community, and not just the techno elite." With this in mind, Northern Voice had its second birthday on the weekend of February 10, and was once again a sold-out success on many accounts.

While the event had the same laid-back, community feel of the first Northern Voice, this year's topics shifted away from blog definition and basic blog education. Overall, I felt that there was more awareness and willingness amongst attendees to discuss the implications of blogging as a cultural movement: its roots in DIY and remix, as well as its future in how we communicate, publish, and determine the shape of mass media.

As far as technology goes, blogging tools have helped many writers make a leap into easy, accessible personal publication. It's simple: just go to blogger.com [1], and your voice can join the giant Conversation. However, critics of the blogging explosion argue that internet users now have to wade through a sea of tripe and misinformation in their search for good, informed content [2].

In "Age of Free Distribution," [3] the music industry is facing similar trends and problems. In response to the new industry dynamics, musician and Bryght Backstage [4] web developer Colin Brumelle gave a talk at Northern Voice 2006 on "Music 2.0: Where it came from and where it's going." Disorder picked his brain over caffeine at Prado Cafe. We came to the conclusion that while no one really knows what direction the technologies (including the internet, p2p, BitTorrent, and mp3 players) will take, it's definitely a pivotal time for the music industry. Just as the initial emergence of recording technologies altered our relationship with music, in unpredictable ways, digital networks promise to transform the existing consumer paradigm. Whether you're making music or listening to it, and regardless of your stance on issues like file sharing, we are on the brink of a massive shift.

One future projection that Colin and I agree would be really wonderful (if it ever comes to fruition) is the "rise of the musician middle class." Imagine being an independent musician and not having to work a different day job. As Colin puts it, musicians have an "opportunity to redefine what rock and roll success is. It could be more of a slope instead of all-or-nothing. We'd still have the superstars, the Bonos... but there's nothing standing in the way of a [regular] musician making a decent living." It seems crazy, but when you consider that distribution is cheap, production is cheap, and promotion (in the form of internet buzz) can be almost free, the possibility begins to seem quite real, maybe.

So if technology makes distribution, production, and promotion of music accessible and cost-effective, does this mean that the Internet or free p2p is going to make or break rockstars? Probably not. One of the major themes of Colin's presentation is the idea that "the machine is neither a god nor a devil." Interestingly, this quotation comes from German music critic Hans Stuckenschmidt in 1926, in reference to the purported negative consequences of the development of the phonograph. As the debate over the ethics of file sharing continues, Colin points out that Hans' statement is applicable every time a new technology comes along and stubbornly refuses to go away, to the dismay of industry heavyweights. Eventually, the industry is

forced to adapt, and business models inevitably change. Record labels find ways to make technology work in their favour, as in the case of Warner Bros. and the Secret Machines [5], or the infamous Sony Rootkit [6]. Independent musicians, in theory, should be able to benefit from new technology as well [7].

The trick, it seems, is to leverage whatever technology is available to your own benefit, and then build up a loyal following—they, just like in the old days. The only difference now is that your potential audience is much larger and more accessible, regardless of geographic location. The internet (as a giant distributed system) won't make or break your band. But internet users—music listeners—can, and will. "A rating of 9 on [Pitchforkmedia.com] has a real dollar value," Colin notes. Sometimes, though, a lukewarm Pitchfork rating doesn't matter. The combined efforts of other online sources, and blogs in particular, excel at generating buzz. With good buzz, you just know that your torrent is going to download faster than you can say "Arctic Monkeys."

But there are still new problems to consider, such as how to get noticed amidst the increased competition, and how to build community from an infinite number of blossoming niche markets. To get around the problem of being drowned out, Colin suggests getting people to talk about you or your band. Contact writers of prominent music blogs to get the buzz machine going. He also suggests making it easy for people to find or discover your music. For example, an inaccessible Flash website is much harder for Google to crawl (and therefore, more difficult to rank high in search results) than a more straightforward site with textual content. Maintaining your website with up-to-date gigs is another good way to keep up your online presence. With simple and intuitive blogging software, this process is relatively painless.

As for building community, one Northern Voice attendee pointed out that Long Tail [8] economics could potentially cause so much fragmentation that there would no longer be a common ground on which to build any kind of community. While new methods of distributing content and disseminating information are altering the balance of power, it seems unlikely these changes will utterly eclipse the voice of traditional, mainstream sources. Then, of course, there's always Myspace.com. I pointed out to Colin that, as developers, we're doing a pretty bad job of making the web easy to use in this regard. Other than Myspace, there's not a lot else out there. He agrees. "It definitely needs to be easier, even easier than blogging... but that's why sites like Myspace exist right now. The fact that [Myspace] sucks and looks horrible is almost irrelevant because it's good at linking things together [...] in the same way that Last.fm mixes social data [for recommendations] [9]. But, we need to do better."

Other than the hopeful rise of the musician middle class, there's also the notion of the record company as a gatekeeper to reconsider. If it eventually becomes economically viable to forgo a major record label altogether, who or what will direct public taste [10]? That question, like almost everything else, is still up in the air. I don't think anyone has any idea of how it's all going to play out. It's really the whole infinite shelf-space thing, right? All these bands that people are going to see that won't be huge, won't be at GM Place. I mean, hopefully we'd see public taste... blossoming."

And if the record companies lose in the end? "Ultimately, music is about communication and enjoyment, not making money. It's funny how we forget that sometimes."

Colin's presentation can be found on his website, *Mixed Content* (<http://xaia.ca>) or on <http://northernvoice.ca>. Audio, pdf, and supplementary links are available.



10. For more on "taste," see John Seabrook's book *Nobrow: The Culture of Marketing and the Marketing of Culture*.

6. Sony shipped several artists' CDs with rootkit-based DRM (Digital Rights Management) that secretly installed malware on the user's computer. "Rootkits are cloaking technologies that hide system objects from diagnostic and security software, and they are usually employed by malware attempting to keep their implementation hidden. (sysinternals.com)" This particular software "phoned home" with information regarding the user's actions as well as the "uninstaller" did not work properly and compromised the infected computers' security.

5. A music blog posted a positive review of the Secret Machines and readers left comments in support of the band, generating buzz. However, it was later found that the comments had been left by Warner Bros. employees.

7. Sub Pop is a good example of how podcasting can be used to successfully promote artists (for more info, look up "Odeo + subpop").

8. Long Tail refers to an argument made by Wired magazine editor Chris Anderson that "the future of entertainment is in the millions of niche markets at the shallow end of the bistream." He argues that "products that are in low demand or have low sales volume can collectively make up a market share that rivals or exceeds the relatively few current bestsellers and blockbusters, if the store or distribution channel is large enough" (via Wikipedia).

9. Last.fm and Myspace.com leverage the power of social networks and FOAF (friend of a friend) principles. This aids in the discovery of new music and in building a distributed community.

1. Blogger.com is largely touted as one of the first mainstream dedicated personal publishing tools, created by Pyra Labs, which was co-founded by Meg Hourihan and Evan Williams. It was acquired by Google in 2003.

2. Try googling "why blogs suck."

3. Kostas Kassaras (MA, University of York) wrote an essay entitled *Music in the Age of Free Distribution* as "an attempt to present and critically discuss the phenomenon of music piracy on the World Wide Web."

4. Backstage is a tool that Bryght hopes will be the "ultimate recording artist and record label web solution." It is currently under development.



CHINESE ROCKS

Words and Photos
by Alex Coombes

Back when The Clash were playing the Commodore in 1978, communist China was taking the first steps towards opening up to the world, paving the way for the rapid economic growth we hear so much about today. Decades on, that open door has not only resulted in the lucky few buying Ferraris, but has also allowed for some less expensive cultural exchange.

Kids who grew up with clothing choices spanning a total of two colours and styles are now able to spike, dye and otherwise mangle their hair. As the economy opens up, more choices in music and fashion become available. But with a notoriously repressive government and millennia of tradition weighing down on the shoulders of Chinese youth, what better way to act out than to turn to punk rock?

During my Vancouver high school years in the mid-nineties, body modification was de rigueur; for these kids, it's a break with a long history of continuity in a still-very-traditional society. Really, the size and scope of the decision to "go punk" in China cannot be understated. First, one faces the pressures of a tightly regimented society unaccustomed to dealing with people who don't conform, and all that goes along with that: aggressive police officers, loudly disapproving neighbours and truly shamed and embarrassed family members. This social situation is further exacerbated by the population control measure of the "one child policy". Families are only allowed to have one link towards future generations and prosperity. In a society in which the elderly are looked after by their children and families stay ridiculously tight-knit, having a son or daughter decide they want to follow in Joe Strummer's footsteps instead of Bill Gates' is not swallowed lightly. How then is Leo, a young man from Gullin with full sleeves, hand and neck tattoos, and a general inclination towards rowdiness, received? "It is problem, but my friend give me tattoo and I fuckin' like." It all makes my fourteen-year-old rubber cement mohawk seem that much less impressive.

Unlike its Western incarnations, punk rock can not be as overtly political in nature in China. Despite Bill Clinton's guarantee that China's inclusion in the World Trade Organisation would lead to some relaxation of its draconian social controls, speech is still anything but free in China. Google China censors and restricts access to "undesirable" content, web sites such as the BBC remain unavailable, and ghosts from the past such as the Tiananmen Square Massacre of 1989 remain unaddressed. People in general remain wary of, and unwilling to discuss, anything remotely political. The most one might hear is occasional mutterings about the ridiculous amount of corruption in this country.

So while being punk may be a major social statement, a political act unto itself, musicians cannot yell "smash the state" or any of the other slogans that—hollow as they may sound at times—have been ceaselessly belted out in community centres across

Canada. That being said, there is something vastly bolder about sporting a mohawk in Xicheng district, minutes away from Tiananmen, than urging the downfall of capitalism at Seyllyn Hall in North Van.

There is no better place in modern China for punk rock to take root than Beijing. The city's relative affluence is offset by a snarling mess of traffic, construction, demolition, and pollution. Shanghai and Shenzhen, the other major cities, are far too concerned with being cosmopolitan and push to foster a healthy punk rock scene. Beijing, conversely, is just rough enough—and just rich enough. Folks in the countryside and smaller towns don't have the time to think about extravaganzas like body modification. Many of them are simply trying to find enough to eat.

Punk has been growing in Beijing for around a decade now. The burgeoning subculture has been most notoriously chronicled by local scenester Chun Sue, author of *Beijing Doll*. A rambling and somewhat sloppy account of her often scandalous exploits in the

It's a Friday at the end of February, and the relentless Siberian winds that bind Beijing into a freezing and desolate place in the winter months have abated somewhat. The night begins in a dirty and smoke-filled restaurant. Cheap and greasy food, beer and heart attack-inducing cigarettes are the usual pre-show warm-up. As is par for the course, our presence as foreigners is treated as a delightful spectacle by those around us. Our shoddy Chinese and their minimal English result in several rounds of "gambles", a sort of "cheers" that involves downing plastic cups of warm beer in a race that ends with a round of table-banging, smiles, smokes, and "very good"s.

After the exchange of farewell salutations, more cigarettes, and some lamb skewers, we depart for the *What?* bar on Yuan Dynasty bar street, in an area that might be described as "light industrial inner suburb punctuated by slick new high-rise development." Combine a smoketack and a Yuletown tower and you're getting close.

"It is problem, but my friend give me tattoo and I fuckin' like."

early scene, the book offers up mohawks, piercings, drinking and underage sex—enough to be banned in mainland China. Chun's high profile has made her into something of a poster-child for the scene, and she is regularly interviewed by the foreign press and local expatriate English language magazines. She is the cool, aloof voice of the disaffected punks from all around sprawling Beijing.

Today there are dozens of bars and clubs scattered throughout the city that play host to punk shows on a regular basis. There are a range of venues in the University district, Haidian, as well as the famous *What?* bars scattered around several bar streets. Notable groups include: Last Chance of Youth, The Believers, Brain Failure, Second Hand Rose, and Joyride. As the number of punk bands increase, the quality and variety of music on offer has widened dramatically. The Beijing punk show listings now confidently tout around all of the various sub-genre monikers: emo, post-punk, grindcore, oi, etc. There are also many entrepreneurial opportunities in the local scene, with record labels like New Bees doing an excellent job of sourcing, managing and marketing local acts. Every week there are a handful of shows throughout the city, and the scene seems to be tight knit, though by no means tiny. Perhaps the most refreshing thing about Beijing punk is its honesty, good-natured fun-times atmosphere, and the general sense of reckless abandon. In Beijing, kids just want to wild out and have fun.

We arrive in the middle of a set by a ska band called End of the World. The band sports a full horn section, in addition to a colourful, bilingual, rotund lead singer. An international group if ever there was one: Japanese, American, Chinese, and an ABC [American but Chinese]. The crowd is probably about seventy percent Chinese, with the rest a mixture of foreign students, English teachers and "Beijing bums". One can live off a few dollars a day here in great comfort, so there's an ample supply of lazy folks from around the world. The ska is neither revolutionary nor that great, but it's still fun. A handful of local "oi" kids thrash about in front of the bar's tiny stage. The next band is all local, all mohawks, leather and English slogans limited to "fuck the world" and "fuck 2008" (the Olympics). They smoke, yell, drink and make a lot of fucking noise. High on enthusiasm, low on musical proficiency. The last band, a three piece featuring the decidedly un-punk name "Easy Going," plays what can best be described as blues-punk.

While you won't find a band that will change the way you conceptualise music in Beijing, it is refreshing to see people excited about music in a way that doesn't seem to happen too much in Vancouver. Eager, and with a voracious appetite, Beijing kids are devouring, adopting and reinterpreting punk wholeheartedly.





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THURSDAY, APRIL 6

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MCBRIDE AND PREJUDICE

by Alison Benjamin

NETTWERK RECORDS' TERRY MCBRIDE THROWS THE GAUNTLET IN THE RIAA COPYRIGHT WARS



Illustration by Guillaume Boucher

Napster. BitTorrent. Souleek. Gnutella. Most every music connoisseur is at least familiar with, or currently uses, peer-to-peer (p2p) file sharing as a means of acquiring music. While sensational media reports fuelled by the pro-copyright fervor of the Recording Industry Association of America (RIAA) characterize online music swapping as piracy—"not on the high seas but on the Internet"—the legitimate uses of network technology cannot be so easily dismissed. Thanks to channels officially sanctioned by the recording industry, such as the iTunes Music Store and the newly revamped Napster, legal downloading has resulted in burgeoning music sales. While these pay-to-download services are beginning to take hold, the basic fact of the widespread availability of "free" music remains; music "pirates" continue to download. Increasingly, p2p users find themselves under legal scrutiny from the RIAA for the mp3s they download or rip to their iPod or CDR without purchase.

Although the conflict is often framed as a clash between the RIAA's puritanical stance and the anarchic, free-music-for-all ethos of downloaders, there is a more nuanced cultural shift at stake. As Lawrence Lessig describes in his book *Free Culture*, the outcome of this clash will determine whether creativity will flourish under increased freedom and connectivity or stagnate in a culture of obscure copyrights and permissions. As it stands, intellectual property law increasingly functions as an impediment to technological and cultural development, rather than a guarantee of artist compensation. Rather than alter the law to reflect the changing reality of new technology, the record industry insists upon strict enforcement of outmoded regulations.

Since current copyright laws can't distinguish between stealing a packaged CD from a record store and downloading an mp3, litigation has been a key strategy in the RIAA's fight against "pirates". To date, about 16,000 people have been sued by the RIAA in the United States. If you're caught, you could find yourself in a situation not unlike that of Texan David Grubel, who's in hot water for owning a computer containing over 600 downloaded songs. Since facing the RIAA in court could cost him millions, Grubel was

told that he could settle with the RIAA for \$9,000 US. Then he found an unlikely ally: Vancouver's Nettwerk Music Group, which manages the likes of Sarah McLachlan, The Barenaked Ladies, and Avril Lavigne (whose track "Sk8er Boi" was one of the 600 songs found on the offending computer). Thanks to Nettwerk's financial support, Grubel is refusing to settle the case, and will challenge the RIAA in court. I connected with Terry McBride, Nettwerk's CEO, to ask why a record company with such high stakes in the debate would back a music "pirate".

Disorder: These days, it's pretty strange to see a record company throw their weight behind a family charged with piracy. What attracted you to this case?

Terry McBride: The fact that [the RIAA] were claiming to represent the best interests of my artists. Ummmm... no, you are not. Actually, you are hurting my artists. I don't advocate anything illegal. What I advocate for is changing the law. What's happening now with lawsuits shouldn't be legal.

What's the RIAA's influence on a Vancouver-based label like Nettwerk?

They influence the music business in the biggest market in the world [the United States]...as such, they impact our future.

How is the RIAA responding to Nettwerk's support of the Grubels?

They are just re-stating their same policy position over and over again.

What's been the response from other labels in the industry?

A mixture of "finally someone with power is saying 'enough, stop it!'", to dismay, to confusion. Our desire is to make the industry open its eyes and mind to new concepts. They truly have their heads stuck in the sand.

How much will the case cost Nettwerk?

Tens of thousands to hundreds of thousands.

Do you see Nettwerk supporting the defendants in other similar cases?

Nope. I need to keep this focused and it only takes one to turn a tide.

Are any other record labels rallying behind your cause?

Sure hope so, because this is a big risk for us.

If litigation isn't good for artist development, what is? What's the ideal music industry climate?

Labels need to lose their control of music. Art should never be controlled. It should flow, like water. The RIAA should exist to lobby US congress and to work with other industries to make music consumption grow. We also need to monetize p2p sharing. Monetizing p2p is simple. People could pay \$2-\$8 a month to their Internet Service Provider and in return get total freedom to consume music legally however they wanted. The music business hasn't had an explosion of new music since the Seattle grunge scene. Now we are seeing a lot of new artists, like Clap Your Hands Say Yeah, the Arcade Fire, Sufjan Stevens, Arctic Monkeys, and so on, sell hundreds of thousands of albums with little to no radio or video exposure...just the file sharing kids sharing the music!

Sony recently found itself in hot water for selling CDs with "extended copyright protection" rootkits embedded in their disks. Along with the technology goes the tacit assumption that even CD buyers are (potential) thieves. In addition to lawsuits, we're seeing technology developed to limit what enters the public domain. What's your position on this trend?

DRM [Digital Rights Management] is wrong. It's about control. Simply put, the passionate message of music is in the magic of the song. The more it's consumed, the more it nourishes. Music is ubiquitous; it's a utility like water. It's not a pair of pants, and as such, we need to stop treating music like a product that needs to be controlled.





Akimbo



Destroyer



The Diablos



Liar's



Pink Mountaintops



They Shoot Horses, Don't They?

Akimbo Forging Steel and Laying Stone (Alternative Tentacles)

With an album cover featuring a Druid (or the Grim Reaper?) with his arms shooting flames in the "Our Father" position while towering over the Pyramids of Egypt, one can't help but expect some righteous doom-like slide when one bloodies their hands on this Seattle band's latest assault charge. Like many classic (as well as shitty) metal bands, Akimbo can be enjoyable even before the first listen. With the aforementioned album art and song titles like "Ground Control to Major Bummers" and "Spooning with Disaster," *Forging Steel and Laying Stone* is almost worth the price of admission.

But what about the *sound*, man? Well "dude," if *Rage Against the Machine* and *Black Sabbath* ever formed a hardcore band fronted by Corey Taylor from Slipknot stuck on "Heavy Chorus" mode, they would probably be slammed for ripping off Akimbo; let's just hope that never happens. Though there is absolutely no variation in vocalist/bassist Jon Weisnawski's blood-vomiting scream, he can be forgiven. He's preoccupied with desperately trying to keep the band from blowing apart with his forceful bass playing driving the all-too-brief songs forward. The bass really shines at the end of "Digging a Hole," where the band cuts out, leaving only a slow, oppressive bass that is eventually picked up by everyone and carried all the way to hell on a wave of messy leads.

Guitarists Jared Burke Eglinton and recent addition Patrick Cunningham shine throughout the album with a funky looseness reminiscent of Neil Young & Crazy Horse on amphetamines. For proof, check out the mind boggling, blink-and-you'll-miss-it riff midway through the slash and burn violence of "Tina, Bring Me the Axe." Drummer Nat Duran may be the real money of the band, with his non-stop barrage of hip-shaking beats sliding into freak-out fills and back again without missing a beat.

Forging Steel and Laying Stone is an economical neck workout at 39 headbanger minutes. With enough variety and sonic change-ups, it leaves you satisfied and never feeling bloated. Not to mention the occasional passage that sounds like a hardcore version of the soundtrack to Nintendo's *Doodle Dragon II*. And isn't that all that the kids are asking for? So, in the words of the immortal Akimbo, "sharpen the swords, polish the

armour, it's feeding time."

Brent Mattson

Destroyer Rubies (Merger)

I know we've already given Mr. Bejar a whole page of praise, but his new album cannot be overlooked, used as mere fodder for one journalist's intellectual fawnings. *Destroyer's Rubies* must be reviewed, and in a totally unbiased way.

As if that's possible. Vancouver, you love Destroyer. I'll just help you admit it, if you weren't ready to commit yet. It's love, and here's why: *Rubies* is a shiny, sharp thing of beauty. Bejar has assembled himself a band capable of orchestrating the oft-underestimated but still powerfully meandering background sounds required to frame his poetic genius. The lyrics on this album sprout forth from where all your favourite idea seeds from works previous were planted.

I hope every Canadian buys this record. It's that good. And just in case you're a little overwhelmed by initial listens, a word of encouragement—the first three times I saw Destroyer live I got migraines. I kept going back though, and soon enough, I got used to the sound. Now I can't live without!

Julie Colero

The Diablos You Can't Break the Strings in Our Olympic Hearts (Bandeale)

There's nothing like a blast of shimmering 12-string guitar, bouncy organ lines, gritty fuzzbass, trebly guitar leads and yelping/longing talk-singing all set to a groovy 4/4 beat to remind you that you've got a pulse. After all, major-key melodies are so the new defibrillators. Who cares if you've heard it before? The Byrds who, right? If any of this reminds you of a lonely day in your dorm room (minus the defibrillator). The Diablos may be your new fourth-favourite band. On their debut, this band from the infinitely unsexy city of Toronto plays jangling indie rock without the self-conscious quirkiness of groups like Modest Mouse and Wolf Parade, or the mock grandeur of Arcade Fire. Not that I intend to disparage those groups; I just want to stress that The Diablos specialize in good, old-fashioned pop songwriting that you can take home to mom.

Gary Leggett's fuzzbass intro to "Tropical Pests" will warm even the hippest hipster's icy heart, and the interplay between the bass, guitars and organs (one regular and one a vintage

Farfisa) throughout the album is always interesting. The separate instruments mesh to create glorious melodies within the dense compositions, disguising how impressively tight and attuned to each others' playing the band members are. The icing on the cake is Phoebe Lee, who might just be the best drummer at maintaining a constant 4/4 beat with bubblegum fills since Ringo Starr.

At the end of the 39 minutes, the album is a pleasant escape from a bad day. Not quite mind blowing enough to make you quit your job and follow the Maharishi, but perfect for putting on your headphones and melting into your comfy chair for say, 39 minutes. This album is good from the first spin and will only get better as all the musical layers are revealed.

Brent Mattson

Liar's Drum's Not Dead (Mute Records)

"It seems like all our friends are gone," sobs Angus Andrew on the fourth track of the Liar's third album, *Drum's Not Dead*. "You drove them out," he answers himself. Maybe he's talking about the reaction to the band's second record, the harrowing *They Were Wrong*. So *We Drowned*, a chaos-injected concept album about German witch gatherings on Broken Mountain. Everyone was expecting more of the same from the NYC dance-punk revivalists following their hyped debut, *They Threw Us All in a Trench and Stuck a Monument on Top*, and most people didn't buy the baffling reinvention. Several major publications deemed the follow-up entirely unlistenable.

So they enter their third album with a clean slate and, perhaps, no friends left. But that's alright for Liar's. They've always taken a certain childish glee in confounding the expectations of their audience, leaving the opinions of both their fans and their critics utterly polarized.

Here's something to unite them: *Drum's Not Dead* is a record of fascinating complexity, unravelling at each captivating step a world of equal parts force and fragility. Centering around two main characters who embody these parts, the assertive Drum, and the self-doubting Mr. Heart Attack, the record is a highly-rhythmic drone of lush guitars and Andrew's spooky falsetto.

The band, once flag-bearers of the revitalised New York scene at the turn of the century, relocated to Berlin (like another innovator did in the 1970s who I can't seem to remember the name

of). The continental shift inspired the Liars to push themselves in both obscure and traditional directions. While a song like "Let's Not Wrestle Mt. Heart Attack," with its cliff-diving hollers and eerie, ritualistic percussion shows them delving further into unpredictability, lead single "It Fit When I Was a Kid" is one of the most cohesive songs Andrew has ever penned, as terrifying as its sounds can be.

Each track flows seamlessly into the other and, though the opening trilogy is the most exciting sequence on the record, the elements at work on *Drum's Not Dead* never fail to surprise and amaze. Whether it be the shivering, *Animal Collective*-influenced "Drum Gets a Glimpse," or the metallic crescendo of "Drum and the Uncomfortable Can", there's a trick of genius up every sleeve.

But the Liars attain their greatest height at the very last minute, with the stripped down, shimmering "The Other Side of Mt. Heart Attack", a song that brings back memories of hearing the Yeah Yeah Yeahs' "Modern Romance" for the first time. Reverberated guitars sing a simple melody that compliments Andrew's honest poetry: "If you want me to stay I'll stay by your side." It's the first time you can hear the Liars speaking directly, with their message crystal clear, not shrouded in their genre-bending mischief.

At the end of a record this diverse, it comes as a shock to hear such a succinct statement. But then again, this entire album comes as a shock. From across the Atlantic, the unexpected has occurred: these exiled, friendless pioneers have just established themselves as one of the most important bands recording today.

Mike LaPointe

Pink Mountaintops Axis of Evil (Scratch/Jagjaguar)

Steve McBean has been in so many bands (some of which you know if you're lucky, one of which you'll know if you're conscious), and his songwriting abilities seem to be near-perfect at present. The *Black Mountain* frontman must just fucking DREAM music, as he's coming up with great new records while the rest of us are tying our shoelaces. Pink Mountaintops started as a solo project and fleshed itself out into jam-band proportions when asked to perform the rollicking blues-rock sex boogies contained in the first, self-titled album.

McBean pulled back from the pack again last summer

to four-track some new songs, concerning himself more with the spiritual than earthly loving this time around. It appears that some of Black Mountain band-mate and country-twinned *Blood Meridian* frontman Matt Camrind's "Jesus and the Devil" has rubbed off on McBean, as there's a whole lotta Lord on this album. It fits, especially with the political admonishments of a frustrated pacifist (there's a lot of Bush-hatin' going on here—pretty different from the first record, eh?), and the minimal but fuzzed-out druggy bits.

If you were into the dirty feel of the first *Mountaintops* record, you'll be pleased to hear that this one is sonically quite similar. The focus of the songs may have shifted, but the sound remains true to form. You could listen to this in a dazed and dank basement or on a park bench on the sunniest of days, and still find something that makes you feel just right. Mr. Mountaintops has the gift of knowing exactly how to stroke you...

Julie Colero

They Shoot Horses, Don't They? Boo Hoo Hoo Boo (Kill Rock Stars)

I can't help but think that I'd be having way more fun right now if, instead of parked in front of the computer on a Friday night, I was out at a *They Shoot Horses* gig. I'm synced in real time, I think, with the band's last Vancouver show before a six-week tour, and am pretty sure I picked the wrong spot to be. And so...

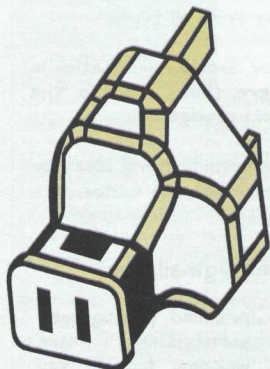
I'm going to close my eyes for a moment and put myself on that stage, in amongst the thousand gleaming horns that too so gloriously throughout every song this collective crafts. What's all that clapping? Where's all the sweat coming from? An eternally ecstatic sound lures me into placid reveries, soon disturbed by the realization that the songs are all actually quite dark—way to harsh the glow! Thankfully, one of Chris's peppy keyboard lines pops up and saves me from utter despair.

But there's no "I" in "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?", now is there? Let us move instead towards a place where everyone is afforded the chance to hear what the hype is about, here beautifully captured on disc in a way that lets the listener get much closer to singer Josh Neelands' lyrics than is possible in the live-show din. The band's debut starts and ends strong, and keeps marching in sort-of-tune the whole way through.

Julie Colero

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REAL LIVE ACTION

Blood Brothers
You Say Party! We Say Die!
Winning
January 29
Mesa Luna

The Blood Brothers. Photo by Mariette Ka

I have a love-hate relationship with Mesa Luna. Its regular all-ages shows are a treasure to the music-starved masses of Vancouver minors. But there is a growing trend of disrespect amongst the patrons of these concerts: from long waits outside in the bitter cold, to ridiculous coat-check prices, to Big Brother booming through the soundsystem to "please get off the stage" (even after the performers invite people to climb on up), patience with the venue is wearing thin. Still, not thin enough to prevent tickets selling out for Seattle's shriek-scene superstars, the Blood Brothers.

First on the bill was Winning, new kids on the block featuring former Red Light Stinger Andy Dixon and that intense dude from the Primes. They were all jagged stabs of guitar, spastic rhythms, and yelped vocals—as expected, reminiscent of the Sting or Ex Models. Moments of genius left as quickly as they came in what seemed more like musical collages than actual songs. Sorry boys, but you're no Fantômas; work your potential, and maybe I'll give you another chance.

The head-scratching was

replaced with ass-shaking when You Say Party! We Say Die! got down to business. Shouts and handclaps filled the room as the band delivered shot after shot of spunky dance-punk. The snap-crackle-pop combination of beats, chords, and vocals demonstrated to one and all just how much fun Vancouverites can have. The bassist's repeated stage dives were the cherry on top. I say party!

2004's *Crimes* saw the Brothers expanding their sonic arsenal with exotic instruments and adventurous song structures, and their set showcased that album to the eager masses. The band was assertive enough with their material to hit every musical sweet spot possible: the dynamic shifts in "Peacock Skeleton with Crooked Feathers" were smooth as butter; the chaotic bridge of "Love Rhymes with Hideous Car Wreck" swerved like a school bus out of control; and the slow-burning buildup that is "Crimes" captured the disaffection of an entire generation. Johnny Whitney and Jordan Billie put on a real acrobatics display with their barely-controlled screams and frenetic vocal delivery. The night ended with "Cecilia and

the Silhouette Saloon," a song whose closing lament, "where is love now," was still ringing in everyone's ears the next morning at school.

Simon Foreman

Sonata Arctica
Antiquus
February 6
Richards on Richards

Vancouver's Antiquus has a lot of potential. They have solid musicianship and riffs. The have that great heavy prog-death sound matched with Jesse White's powerful and melancholic voice. What they lacked tonight seemed to be lyrical variation. It seems much of what they were going on about was one story about a captain and the sea. Now, I'm all in favour of concept songs and even concept albums, but there needs to be variation on themes within that concept or it gets very boring, very quickly. Such was the case with their set this night, and the White's excessively earnest recitations of poetry in between songs (again on the same topic) and his poses looking up to the heavens came across as more lamentable than lamentation. Nonetheless, they're still a young band and they have great potential if they write themselves outside of their box.

Sonata Arctica was, of course, the main attraction of the night, and they did not disappoint those of us who had waited years to see their neo-prog metal performed live. Heavily influenced by fellow Finns Stratovarius and Nightwish, as well as the likes of Steve Vai and Frank Zappa, you could even say they wear their obsessions on their sleeves (at least guitarist Jani Linmatala did). Their show consisted of the expected monster chops, exquisite melodies, fantastic energy and almost ESP-like synergy within the band, as well as great stage presence and crowd rapport. Singer Tony Kakko's voice was in fine shape (I don't believe for a second his bio claim to have never had any training), and he even got the crowd warmed up in a little sing-along towards the end of the night. I just wonder what the Finnish phrases he lead us through meant.

Never ones to wallow in misery, Sonata Arctica were gregarious and funny in between songs, and even closed the show with a chant of "Now we need some vodka" to the tune of some old Russian folk tune that I sort of dimly recognized. If they're not already getting paid for the

WILLY MASON

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plug of Finlandia Vodka, they probably should fix that, as I think that little chant would make a rather effective jingle. If you missed them, well, they promise to return somewhat soon, so you'll get your chance.

Drake

Sevendust

Nonpoint

February 19

Commodore Ballroom

I arrived just in time to hear the last couple of songs by Nonpoint, and I was very impressed. They have great energy and stage presence, and seem to have a fresh take on their subject matter; even when it's the usual metal message conveyed in tracks like "Fuck That". Some people may

not like it, but, well, like the song says...

While the majority of the crowd vacated the floor to obtain more beer, I rushed up to the front row barrier to stake out my territory for Sevendust's set. In a way, I'm glad that Sevendust is still a small enough band that I can easily do that, but I doubt this will last long. The band has been steadily building momentum throughout its career and seems poised to break into the big leagues soon. As soon as Sevendust hit the stage, the band showed why these good Southern boys are ready for more recognition.

Their trademark aggressive-but-catchy hooks translated better live than even I expected.

Drake



and the crowd was moshing, surfing and chanting along right from the first lines. The members of Sevendust all have a natural ability to engage their audience without resorting to the usual lame crowd rapport methods. Their set was one big vibrant march through old and new standards, with well-polished chops and performance antics along the lines of Steve Vai leading up to the big favourite for an encore, "Enemy". You know a concert is great when it's over an hour and a half long and you still can't believe it's already over. But hey, best to leave us hungry for more, eh?

DANCING WITH MYSELF ABOUT ARCHITECTURE

by Curtis Woloschuk—
holding Vancouver's hair
back while it pukes and
still wanting to make-out

Let's make this clear from the outset: I'm neither a numbers nor science guy. Thus, I leave it to someone else to explain how it's possible that, as the winter days have gradually grown longer, the nights have responded in kind.

Indeed, evenings of late have proven short of sleep and steeped in lured arousal temptation. A man can only stave off his basic musical urges for so long. And so, after a month spent exhausting every justification for staying in, the February 8th Dead Meadow show at The Red Room officially ushered in my show-going season (which traditionally stretches into the third week of December). The evening commenced with Matt Camirand leading his Blood Meridian troops through selections from their recently-released *Soldiers of Christ* EP. With a sound comprised of rural gothic guitars, wounded organs and cryptic imagery, Blood Meridian churned out rootsy soul revues that were both immediately accessible and ominously off-pitting.

Next up was Local Boy Made Top Ten List: Steve McBean. Operating under the Pink Mountaintops moniker, McBean's performance focused primarily on his entrancing vocals and dirge-like guitar work. A smattering of Black Mountain Army personnel were positioned at the periphery and lent backup voices and sparse accompaniment. The subdued affair was a far cry from the dawn-of-a-new-era Mountaintops rave-up that tore the Anza Club a new hole eighteen months earlier. However, the evening's restraint is replicated on the forthcoming *Axis of Evil* (read Julie Colero's analysis in *Under Review*). With rare exception—venomous "New Drug Queens" and

potential bong water bongo jam "Cold Criminals"—the new disc seems destined to separate the Pink rangers from the Black in McBean's canon.

Axis of Evil's release on March 7th will complete a flurry of launch activity for local bands. While that disc will assuredly join *Destroyer's Rubies* as one of the scene's crown jewels, there city a few other local luminaries in possession of new product to hawk. They Shoot Horses, Don't They? finally found a home for their full-length debut *Boo Hoo Hoo Boo* (on shelves since February 21st) with Kill Rock Stars. Oddly enough, I spoke to Josh from the Horses last March about what was then to be their ready-to-drop album. "We tried to keep the live energy in the recordings," he said. "At the same time, we're not sticking to what we do live." Such active deviations are evidenced on a track such as "Emptyhead", which sees the Horses collapsing their frenzied wall-of-sound—and aided by producer Colin Stewart—bringing more focus to their song's discordant components. "What we'd do was have every single sound be as interesting as possible," said the guitarist/singer of the recording process. "If it's made simpler, then the sound is that much more present and effective in what it's trying to convey."

Mint Records' *The Buttless Chaps and Young and Sexy* also have long-delayed albums out. Both bands seemingly fell victim to Mint's in-house will-not-compete-with-The-New-Pornographers policy. Now that *Twin Cinema* has reached its saturation point, *Where Night Finds Light* and *Panic When You Find It* have been afforded the light of day. Both records see the venerable bands

foregoing innovation in favour of refinement of their trademark sounds.

Speaking of the Pornographers (because no one has for at least thirty seconds): any official word on why they're ducking out of the Belle & Sebastian show at the Commodore Ballroom while joining the Scots in every other city? Although it may be horribly unfashionable to admit, the new B&S album, *The Life Pursuit*, has really caught my fancy. Granted, it would be greatly improved if Stuart Murdoch flushed his happy meds for every second song. The mid-album pairing of "We are the Sleepyheads" and "Song for Sunshine" is a little too much sugar, not nearly enough pill. Elsewhere, "The Blues are Still Blue" and "Sukie in the Graveyard" are both ludicrously hip-shaking. Honestly, the disc is enough to make me regret not ponying up \$40+ for their March 24th show.

Instead, I'll likely end up wherever The Christa Min are playing that night. The velvet garagers seem rather omnipresent of late, and their immediate future promises high profile support slots for *Oncida* and *Destroyer*. On February 18th, they and *Pride Tiger* entertained the DOs & DON'Ts devotees at an invite-only Vice/Kokanee soiree held at Silkhaus. Again, I'm not a numbers guy. You do the math: add those co-hosts and multiply by free beer. If images of hurtling aluminum cans and rampant public urination dance through your head, you're close to the mark.

And to think I used to stay in.



scott pilgrim wants you to write for the Discorder!

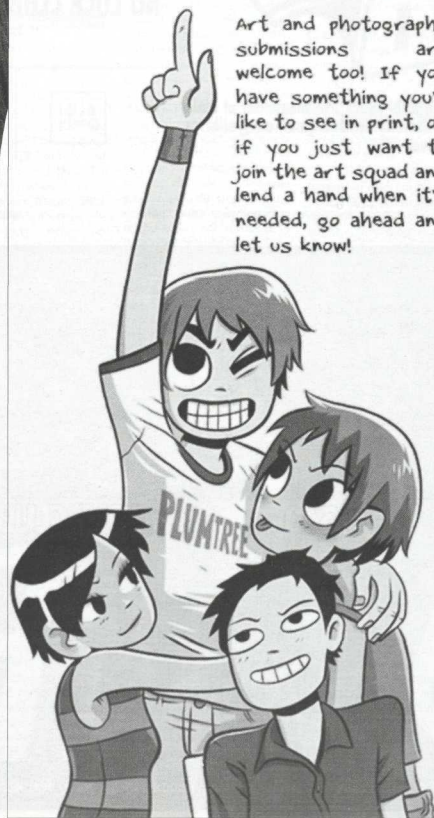
He doesn't care if you're a UBC student or an SFU dropout, a lawyer or a sanitation engineer, an heirress to a diamond-mining fortune or on welfare. The Discorder welcomes submissions from all types.

Even if you write for another publication in Vancouver or elsewhere, that's cool too. The Discorder doesn't hold grudges.

If you would like to submit story ideas or review shows or CDs, email the editor. He's furry and friendly!

discordered@gmail.com

Art and photography submissions are welcome too! If you have something you'd like to see in print, or if you just want to join the art squad and lend a hand when it's needed, go ahead and let us know!



CITR CHARTS!

CITR's charts and reflects what has been spun on the air for the previous month. Rekkids with stars mean they come from this great land o' ours. Most of these platters can be found at finer (read: independent) music stores across Vancouver. If you can't find 'em, then give the Music Coordinator a shout at 604-822-8733. His name is Luke. If you ask nicely he'll tell you how to get 'em. To find out other great campus/community radio charts check out www.earshot-online.com.

#	ARTIST	Title	Label	#	ARTIST	Title	Label
1	Destroyer*	Destroyer's Rubies	Merge	26	The International Falls*	The Plateau	Independent
2	They Shoot Horses, Don't They?*	Boo Hoo Hoo Boo	Kill Rock Stars	27	Telepathy	Farewell Forest	The Social Registry
3	Ivan Gvatska*	Seasons of Love (Party All Year)	Pro An	28	The Buff Medways	Medway Wheelers	Damaged Goods
4	The Spinoffs*	Street Rock Stars	Black Market	29	dd/mm/yyyy*	The Blue Screen of Death	Culture Industry/WeAreBusyBodies
5	Young And Sexy*	Panic When You Find It	Mint	30	Acid Mothers Temple & The Cosmic Intorno	Iao Chant From the Cosmic Intorno	Ace-Fu
6	Ghost House*	Departures	Independent	31	Stereolab	Fab Four Suture	Too Pure
7	Blood Meridian*	Soldiers of Christ EP	Outside	32	Twink	the Broken Record	Sealand
8	The Black Halos*	Alive Without Control	Liquor And Poker	33	Nick Cave/Warren Ellis	O.S.T. "The Proposition"	Must
9	Cat Power	The Greatest	Matador	34	Robert Pollard	From A Compound Eye	Merge
10	The Soledad Brothers	The Hardest Walk	Alive	35	Liars	It Fit When I Was A Kid	Mute
11	The Gossip	Standing In The Way Of Control	Kill Rock Stars	36	Various	Run The Road 2	Vice
12	Hinterland*	The Picture Plane	Submerged	37	Mylo	Destroy Rock And Roll	RCA
13	Lesbians on Ecstasy*	Remixes	Alien8	38	The Checkers	Running With Scissors	Tenacide
14	The Barmitzvah Brothers*	The Century Of Invention	Permafrost	39	The Furios*	Tread Lightly	Independent
15	Tortoise and Bonnie Prince Billy	The Brave and the Bold	Overcoat	40	Ahleuchattistas	What You Will	Cuneiform
16	The Buttless Chaps*	Where Night Holds Light	Mint	41	Jackie-O-Motherfucker	Flags Of The Sacred harp	ATP
17	Ariel Pink's Haunted Graffiti	House Arrest	Paw Tracks	42	Angels Of Light & Akron/Family	Akron/Family & The Angels Of Light	Young God
18	Rich Hope And His Evil Doers*	Rich Hope And His Evil Doers	Maximum	43	Wolfmother	Dimensions	Modular
19	Bell Orchestre*	Recording A Tape The Colour Of The Light	Rough Trade	44	The Tranzmitors*	The Tranzmitors EP	Independent
20	Circlesquare*	Right Sounds	Output	45	Japanther	Master Of Pigeons	Menlo Park
21	Elevation	Neotext	Mangrove	46	Test Icicles	For Screening Purposes Only	Domino
22	The Arctic Monkeys	Whatever People Say I Am, That's What I'm Not	Domino	47	Dandi Wind*	Concrete Igloo	Todtenschlaf
23	Rick Moranis*	The Agoraphobic Cowboy	Unichappell Music Inc.	48	Arab Strap	the Last Romance	Transdreamer
24	Secret Mommy*	Very Rec	Ache	49	Various	How To Destroy The Univers Part 5	Mobilization
25	The Advantage	Elf titled	SRC	50	We Are Scientists	With Love And Squalor	Virgin

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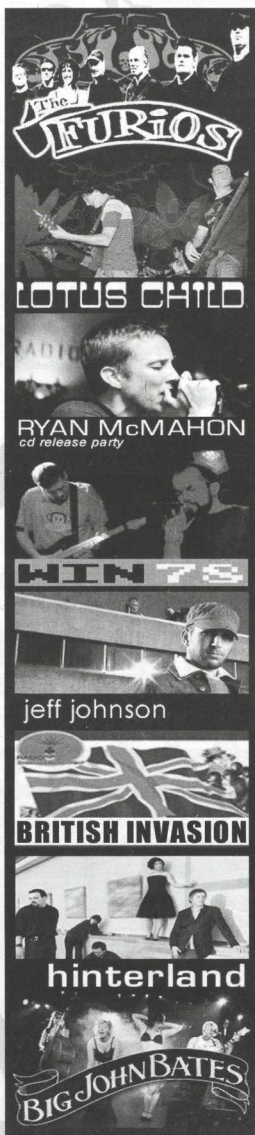
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Delectating what would have been Wes' 81st birthday tonight.
March 13: "Motion" is a definitive recording by alto saxophonist Lee Konitz with just bass (the underrated Sonny Dallas) and drums (the Great Elvin Jones). Konitz (who is still alive and well) was one of the very first altoists to develop his own concept after Charlie Parker. Here's Konitz at his best!

March 20: Oscar Pettiford was one of the first great modern bassists and for a short time led a fine big jazz orchestra. Tonight we feature that star-studded band and it's innovative arrangements.
March 27: Tenor saxophonist Ben Webster (whose birthday is today) possessed one of the most easily identifiable sounds in jazz. Here is Ben alongside another concert with some inspired blowing. Saxophone masters at play!

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LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL (Live Music)
Live From Thunderbird Radio Hell showcases local talent... LIVE! Honestly, don't even ask about the technical side of this. As listed.
March 2: 10pm Channels 3 x 4
March 9: 10pm International Falls

March 16: 9pm The Flends; 10pm The Dropouts
March 23: 10pm lower lower lower
March 30: 10pm Married To Music

MOTORDADDY (Rock)
Cycle-riffic rawk and roll!
MORNING AFTER SHOW (Electic)
MY SCIENCE PROJECT (Talk)
Zoom a little zoom on the My Science Project rocket ship, piloted by your host, Julia, as we navigate eccentric, under-exposed, always relevant and plainly cool scientific research, technology, and poetry (submissions welcome).
<myscienceprojectradio@yahoo.ca>

NATIVE SOLIDARITY NEWS (Talk)
A national radio service and part of an international network of information and action in support of indigenous peoples' survival and dignity. We are all volunteers committed to promoting Native self-determination, culturally, economically, spiritually and otherwise. The show is self-sufficient, without government or corporate funding.

NARDWAR THE HUMAN SERVITUDE PRESENTS... (Nardwar)
NECESSARY VOICES (Talk)
Socio-political, environmental activist news and spoken word with some music, too.
<www.necessaryvoices.org>
<necessaryvoices@telus.net>

NEWS 101 (Talk)
A volunteer-produced, student and community newscast featuring news, sports and

arts. Reports by people like you. "Become the Media."

NUTHOUSE RADIO THEATRE (Drama)

All-original Canadian radio drama and performance art written and performed live-to-air by our very own team of playwrights and voice-actors. We also welcome you to get involved, whether you are a professional or inexperienced...

OPEN SECRETS (Talk)

OUR WAVE (World)

News, arts, entertainment and music for the Russian community, local and abroad.

PACIFIC PICKIN' (Roots)

Bluegrass, old-time music, and its derivatives with Arthur and "The Lovely Andrea" Berman.

PARTS UNKNOWN (Pop)

Underground pop for the minuses with the occasional interview with your host, Chris.

PEDAL REVOLUTIONARY (Talk)

PLANET LOVETRON (Dance/

Electronic)

Music inspired by Chocolate Thunder: Robert Robot drops electro past and present, hip hop and intergalactic funkmanSHIP.

<robotrobot@gmail.com>

PLUTONIAN NIGHTS (Dance/ Electronic)

Cutting-edge, progressive organ music with resident *Itaitche* and various guest performers/ DJs. Bye-bye civilisation, keep smiling blue, where's me bloody anesthetic then?

<http://plutonia.org>

POWERCHORD (Metal)

Vancouver's only true metal show; local demo tapes, imports, and other rarities. Gerald Ratthead, Dwin, and Metal Ron do the damage.

QUEER FM (Talk)

Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues, and great music.

RADIO ZERO (Eclectic)

REEL TO REAL (Talk)

Movie reviews and criticism.

RHYMES AND REASONS (Hip Hop)

RHYTHMSINDIA (World)

RhythmsIndia features a wide range of music from India, including popular music from Indian movies from the 1930s to the present, classical music, semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhajans, and also Qawwals, pop, and regional language numbers.

THE ROCKERS SHOW (Reggae)

Reggae in all styles and fashion.

RUMBLETONE RADIO (Rock)

Primitive, fuzzed-out garage mayhem!

SAINT TROPEZ (Pop)

International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, U.S., etc.). 60s soundtracks and lounge. Book your jet set holiday now!

SALARIO MINIMO (World)

THE SATURDAY EDGE (Roots)

Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, and ticket giveaways.

8AM-9AM: African/World roots. 9AM-12PM: Celtic music and performances.

SHADOW JUGGLERS (Dance/ Electronic)

An exciting show of Drum n' Bass with DJs Jinnigle & Bias on the ones and twos, plus guests.

Listen for give-aways everyweek. Keep feelin da beatz.

SKA-T'S SCENE-AK DRIVE! (Ska)

Email requests to: <djska_t@hotmail.com>

SON OF NITE DREAMS (Eclectic)

SWEET AND HOT

Sweet dance music and hot jazz from the 1920s, 30s, and 40s.

SYNAPTIC SANDWICH (Dance/ Electronic/ Eclectic)

THESE ARE THE BREAKS (Hip Hop)

Top notch crate digger DJ Avi Shack mixes the underground

hip hop, old school classics, and original breaks.

THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM (Rock)

Open your ears and prepare for a shock! A harmless note may make you a fan! Hear the menacing scourge that is Rock and Roll! Deadlier than the most dangerous criminal!

<bornstestyne@hotmail.com>

TRANCENDANCE (Dance)

Join us in practicing the ancient art of rising above common thought and ideas as your host DJ Smiley Mike lays down the latest trance cuts to propel us into the domain of the mystic-al.

<trancendance@hotmail.com>

UNCOMMON PRACTICE (Classical)

All the classical music you don't hear on mainstream radio! A variety of innovative and interesting works from the 20th and 21st centuries, with an occasional neglected masterpiece from earlier eras.

THE VAMPIRE'S BALL (Goth/ Industrial/Metal)

Dark, sinister music to soothe

and/or move the Dragon's soul. Hosted by Drake.

<thevampiresball@yahoo.ca>

VENGEANCE IS MINE (Punk)

All the best of the world of punk rock has to offer, in the wee hours of the morn. Hosted by Trevor.

WE ALL FALL DOWN (Eclectic)

Punk rock, indie pop, and whatever else I deem worthy. Hosted by a closet nerd.

WENER'S BARBEQUE (Sports)

Join the sports dept. for their coverage of the T-Birds.

WIGFLUX RADIO (Reggae)

Listen to Selecta Krystabelle for your reggae education.

W.I.N.G.S (Talk)

Womens International News Gathering Service

WRAPPED IN SILVER SOUND (Eclectic)

JulieCo., just playin' what I know best (or is it the only thing I know?) - indie rock!

	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	
6 ^{pm}								6 ^{pm}
7	BBC	BBC	PACIFIC PICKIN' (RT)	BBC	BBC		BBC	7
8								8
9	TANA RADIO (WO)	BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS (EC)	HIGHBRED VOICES (WO)	SUBURBAN JUNGLE (EC)	END OF THE WORLD NEWS (EC)	BBC		9
10								10
11	AFROBEAT (WO)		THIRD TIMES THE CHARM (RR)	WRAPPED IN SILVER SOUND (EC)	SWEET 'N' HOT (EC)	SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE (SK)	THE SATURDAY EDGE (RT)	11
12 ^{pm}		LOOKS AND TIGERS AND BEARS (EC)	MORNING AFTER SHOW (EC)	ANOIZE (NO)	FILL-IN			12 ^{pm}
1								1
2	ROCKERS SHOW (RG)	ALT. RADIO (PO)	FILL-IN	FILL-IN	WE ALL FALL DOWN (EC)	THESE ARE THE BREAKS (HH)	GENERATION ANNIHILATION (PU)	2
3		PARTS UNKNOWN (PO)					POWERCHORD (MT)	3
4			REEL TO REAL (TK)	DEMOCRACY NOW (TK)	INKSTUDS (TK)	RADIO ZERO (EC)		4
5	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE (RT)	LETS GET BAKED (EC)	CAREER FAST TRACK (TK)	RUMBLETONE RADIO (RR)	MOTORDADDY (RR)	NARDUWAR PRESENTS (NW)	CODE BLUE (RT)	5
6	CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING (PU)	NATIVE SOLIDARITY NEWS (TK)	EN AVANT LA MUSIQUE (FR)					6
7	QUEER FM (TK)	SON OF NITE DREAMS (EC)	WENER'S BBQ (SP)	NECESSARY VOICES (TK)	MY SCIENCE PROJECT (TK)	NEWS 101 (TK)	LEO RAMIREZ SHOW (WO)	7
8		UNCOMMON PRACTICE (CL)		AND SOMETIMES WHY (PO/EC)	BLUE MONDAY (CL)	THE CANADIAN WAY (EC)	OUR WAVE (WO)	8
9				JUCEBOX (TK)	OPEN SECRETS (TK)	AFRICAN RHYTHMS (WO)	SHADOW JUGGLERS (DC)	9
10	RHYTHMSINDIA (WO)	WIGFLUX RADIO (RG)	SALARIO MINIMO (WO)					10
11		THE JAZZ SHOW (JZ)	FILL-IN	FOLK OASIS (RT)	LIVE FROM... THUNDERBIRD HELL (LM)	PLANET LOVETRON (DC)	SYNAPTIC SANDWICH (DC/EC)	11
12 ^{pm}	TRANCENDANCE (DC)		CAUGHT IN THE RED (RR)	HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR (HK)	LAUGH TRACKS (TK)	IN THE SHADOWS (HH)	BEATS FROM THE BASEMENT (HH)	12 ^{pm}
1		VENGEANCE IS MINE! (PU)				I LIKE THE SCRIBBLES (EC)		1
2								2
3	BBC		AURAL TENTACLES (EC)					3
4		BBC		BBC	BBC	THE VAMPIRE'S BALL (GI/MT)	BBC	4
5								5

www6

CL=classical • DC=dance/electronic • DR=drama • EC=eclectic • EX=experimental • FR=French language • GI=goth/industrial • HC=hardcore • HH=hiphop • HK=Hans Kloss • JZ=jazz
LM=live music • LO=lounge • MT=metal • NO=noise • NW=Narduar • PO=pop • PU=punk • RG=reggae • RR=rock • RT=roots • SK=ska • SP=sports • TK=talk • WO=world

YOUR BACK PORCH MUSIC Swing and Sip to the New Sounds

Destroyer Destroyer's Rubies CD

Dan Bejar claims that *Destroyer* — is, in fact, a band, not just him. This proclamation — of self-identification by means of group affiliation — is, rather, a gesture, poetry, East-Van ideology, and he knows it. After all, we all know now that Destroyer can be and has been a group of people as easily and readily as a room full of MIDI-controlled machines. What remains and continues, of course, is Bejar himself, el hombre solo, and this fact is, if for him alone, a challenge. But it is, ironically, a challenge that is substantive, sustaining, the so-called "necessary wound" embodied. Mortal after all and bleeding, what does Bejar do in response? He is elusive, defensive, but always creative and, in his own way, thoroughly honest. This wound is in fact the "x-factor," the shadow at night, the first and last tactic, the motive heat, the little chaos "the shiny red ruby itself of which he speaks! A neat summation of 'Destroyer's' past work, truth-telling is here amongst the densely referential and metaphorical text, the lurking word, the cutting lips, and the theatre of "old man" rock. And what's the truth being told? Perhaps only that beer on the back porch is always good and right.

CD 14.98

Neko Case Fox Confessor Brings The Flood CD

Collect the facts on this case: Neko's fourth full length on Vancouver's own Mint Records further solidifies her status as one of the premiere voices in the alt-country underground. Recorded in sunny Tucson Arizona, Neko is here joined by *The Band's* Garth Hudson, Calexico's dynamic duo of *Joyce Burns* and *John Convertino*, *Giant Sand* man *Howe Gelb* and of course long-time *Sadies* pals *Dallas* and *Travis Good*. These eleven new songs expose Case's music universe as she delves deep into a number of sonic traditions to fashion her unique sound that is magically foreign while still strangely familiar. *Fox Confessor* is Case's most pensive album, littered with a cast of critics and spirits, who work as vehicles for Case's poetic reflections. The result is a spooky listen and pure magic. Get lured by the siren — Available March 7th.

CD 14.98

Pride Tiger

Wood, Dhak, Froese, Payette CD
An alphabetic run-down of righteousness. Atomic Rooster. *Blue Oyster Cult*. Captain Beyond. *Diamondhead*. *Frijol Pink*. *Grushnikovs*. *Hawkrind*. *Iggy & The Stooges*. *James Gang*. *King Crimson*. *Lyondr Skyscraper*. *Magma*. *Mazarella*. *Osibisa*. *PRIDE TIGER*. *Quiksilver*. *Message Service*. *Rainbow*. *Six Rod Ballroom*. *Thin Lizzy*. *Uriah Heep*. *Vanilla Fudge*. *Wishbone Ash*. *Yes* and *Z Z Top*. Lyrical placement, I know, yet deserved — Trust me. It's Vancouver's newest space-rocking and boogie-soaked dose of the sweet, sweet spirit. This homegrown bastard features 3 *Inches of Blood*, *S.T.R.E.E.T.S.* and *Goodblood* alumni. Get this and then blast it. LOUD and LOUDER.

CD 12.98

They Shoot Horses, Don't They Boo Hoo Hoo Boo CD

Most of you have cluttered closets, to be sure, but I suspect that after a listen to the new *TSH, DTH* album, inspiration will strike, and you will attack said closets (and storage units to boot!) with a previously unknown fervor in an attempt to find your high-school wind instrument. Everybody wants to be in this band! The chaotic and charismatic *TSH, DTH* live show aesthetic has been captured beautifully on this, the group's first full-length album. It horns and bombast are your cup of tea, then this is what you should be sipping at this season. Put on your gumbos and march on down to help ensure that these former band geeks earn the praise and fanbase they so rightly deserve! Bucking, Kicking and throwing you off, this one is wild ride.

CD 16.98

Mogwai

Mr. Beast 2CD Ltd Ed/1CD

Question: If you change many things subtly, will the overall picture be drastically different? For this we turn to our gang blowing rock pals *Mogwai*. The quiet-but-loud formula that was our trademark became pretty clichéd, head noise maker *Stuart of Mogwai* adds, "and also a lot of other people started doing it, so we consciously tried to stop. Not that we invented it, but it got to the point where people thought that was all we did, plus we were getting tired of it ourselves." Scotland's *Mogwai* have outlived every passing yay trend, including that bled post-rock as well as the whole *Goathead* phenomenon. Instead, *Mogwai* have fashioned an impressive catalog of releases that each reshape a very simple rock aesthetic — and one that with each revisited sculpting explores a new hue of their bold colours. *Mr. Beast* must like all *Mogwai* releases, furthering the sound's beauty hidden in a dense darkness of brooding guitar catwalk. Tell it like it is — *Mr. Beast* is a beautiful unpacking of sound — stare into the eye of *Mogwai's* storm and at the center of it you will find a peace. Available March 7th.

2CD Ltd Ed/1CD 16.98

Stereolab

Fab Four Suture CD

If you have ever visited France you will know that the wine is cheaper than the water. Therefore, you drink the grapes when you get thirsty and you walk when get tipsy. If you walk far enough out of the town of Bordeaux you may be lucky enough to find a tiny recording studio called Instant 0 where some of the most enchanting music on the planet is currently being created. Behind the console are *Stereolab* — the band responsible for the Spaceage Bachelor Pad Sound and the reinvention of krautrock pioneers such as *Neu!* *Can* and *Ammon Dale*. Get into this before they rock the Commodore in March and you will be getting into the grooviest of poly-rhythms, the most switched on of synths, some samba guitars and Stereolab's signature doo-coo vocals. Previously released as a series of 7" singles last September which instantly sold out, *Fab Four Suture* collects these nuggets along with six new tracks! Recommended. Available March 7th.

CD 16.98

The Pink Mountaintops Axis Of Evil CD

When the light starts to fade on the horizon and the air begins to chill, there's a shiver that courses up and down your spine. That shiver, my friends, is *Steve McBean*. Unwilling to stay simple and focus another album on the vibe that gets the lovers loving, *McBean* has tapped into something equally powerful, while less blatantly sexy. *Axis of Evil* offers four-track dalliances and meditations on world affairs and the battles that rage between the forces of good and evil, subjects broached here with an earnestness and honesty consistent with this *Black Mountain* frontman's modus operandi. Here is your chance to be a part of something brilliant, and you'd best take this revolution lying down. Stone chill cool and available March 7th.

CD 14.98

Arctic Monkeys Whatever People Say I Am, That's What I Am Not CD/LP

Remember the days when you do a quick flip through the NME before popping off to a sweaty and well-informed night at the club? For many of us, those [memories are faint, but the *Arctic Monkeys* are here to turn us back on to the British Sound and bring the world's attention back to where it belongs — the dance-floor of some seedy little London bar. What's drowning in hype must quickly learn to swim, and the four young lads responsible for these forty-plus minutes of instant classics have earned themselves some diamond trophies. Pick up this album, practice a few well-oiled dance moves, and hit the clubs with a fresh new take on indie cool.

CD/LP 16.98

The Paper Cranes The Veins Ep CD

In a serendipitous turn of events we went looking for a party up by the Framberg house. Turning left were we should have turned right, we came across a small boffine in the middle of the road. There, a kid no older than twenty-five wearing a cave man suit was burning his record collection and renouncing the revolution. The flames looked good and went 'till we all done we asked him to be in our documentary. 'No, go away'. We walked backwards the whole way to the party and a band was playing but we didn't see them as we didn't turn around. They were from Victoria (where everything is good) and had a sort of magical sound that can only be described here as that of a captured spider in a jar of liberated honey. Now, this is where the story gets weird — the band left the party, recorded a great EP and have become the darlings of the underground trade route. Simply put, the *Paper Cranes* are poised to make that cave man kid want to buy records again, and that in itself may be the first step towards personal revolution or better yet personal revolt. Recommended.

CD 9.98

Love Is All Nine Times That Same Song CD

Can we all speculate on the status of rock music? Can we hedge bets and define some contours for the current scene? Perhaps we can analyze the trends and project a possible picture of how things will look this time next year? No we can't. Instead we will tell you about a band that has attracted a lot of praise recently and seem to have a lot of the elements that have made for past proven winners. Sweden's post-punkers *Love Is All* are a classic art school band. They write songs that have an edge, engage an audience and ultimately push an agenda — in their case to make passionate rock music. Give this a listen — it will rock you. Or if you prefer check our *Arctic Monkeys* (elsewhere in this ad) as they are the group added with expectations. Let's be cheeky — didn't someone once say *Love Is All* you need?

CD 19.98

SWEEP UP THE NEW SOUND:

The Buttless Chaps - Where Night holds Light CD
The sweetest best orchestral folk rockers now have idea.

Hardwax The Human Serviette- Doot Doot Doot Doot Doot! 2 DVD The only really tight song worth watching.

The Flaming Lips 20 Years of Weird CD Exclusive and limited — a collection of weird Oklahoma.

The Christa Min - The Devil & Tex Watson 7" Debut single on Run Down Sam from Vancouver swamp rockers. One epic song over two sides!

The Make Up - Untouchable Sound Live! CD Revolution rock from DC's only admirable players.

O.S.T. - The Proposition CD Nick Cave and Warren Ellis, cinematic western blues.

B. Fleischmann - The Handbucking CD/CDLP Mor's main man makes magical electronics.

Chicago Underground Duo - In Praise of Shadows CD Free jazz and mad composition reflects European, Asian and African influences.

Mudhoney - Under A Billion Stars CD/LP Grunge players get back to the muff.

Metula - Apollo CD Boll boll bubble — this is stoner rock trouble!

The Sparks - Hello Young Lovers CD Their influence is subtle — their charms great.

Bazini - My Life in Rooms CD Bark, pale and bleak, this is the night's finest record.

Nightmares On Wax - In A Space Outta Sound CD/LP Bark to the groove channel.

Various - DJ Kicks The Exclusives CD/LP A sample of the beasts found under this acclaimed label.

Arab Strap - Last Romance CD Bleak morning after observations from this dandy Scottish duo.

Coldcut - Sound Mirrors CD Ninja Tune's leader gets his own beats out.

Eels - Live At Town Hall CD Strange scenes from inside the goldmine of your melodic mind.

PRICES IN EFFECT UNTIL MARCH 31, 2006



ZULU'S ART NEWS: Robert Niven "Bewilderness"

Opens March 4th to April 2nd

featuring 'Falling In Love With Great Women'



Zulu Records

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Vancouver, BC

tel 604.738.3232

www.zulurecords.com

STORE HOURS

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Sun 12:00 - 6:00